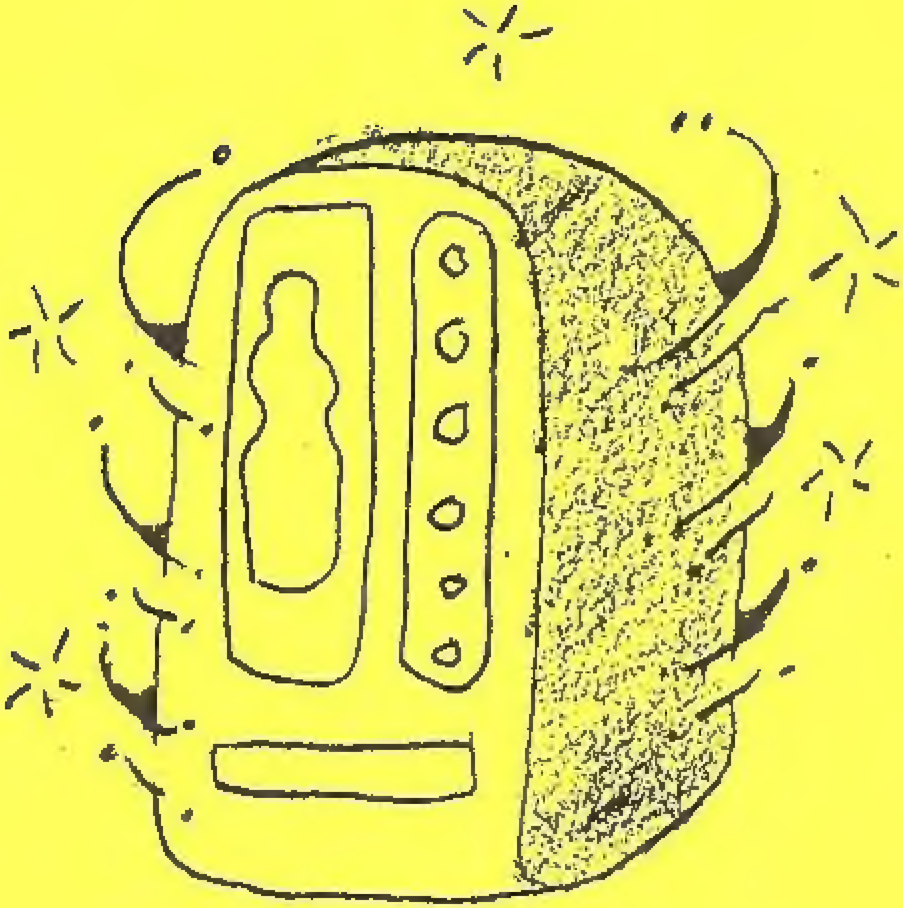
Ted, one of the last of the old time loggers, died in his 80s. Robin, my wife, called him our little town's "roughest diamond."

A couple days after he died I saw a little sparkly cyclone form against the wall.



In a matter of seconds, a soda pop vending machine appeared within the twister. It looked like it was 1950s vintage.

And on top sat Ted. But he had the body of a cat, and his face was line-free. His ears came to elfish points. His smile was radiant and a bit prankish. “Ted,” I exclaimed, “You’re dead!”

“That’s right, kid,” he said in that same old nicotine stained voice, “I’ve been dead for 48 hours and I’m already bored!”

"Let me tell you, kid, being on the other side
is no big deal ..."

"... No big deal." And with that, he twinkled out of sight.

Ted

Copyright © 2001, Steve Willis